

To rot it selfe with motion.

Mes. Caesar I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea ferue them, which they care and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flish youth reuolt,
No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
Taken as scene: for Pompeys name strikes more
Then could his Warre resist.

Caesar. Anthony,
Leaue thy lasciuious Vassalles. When thou once
Was beaten from Medena, where thou flew'st
Hirius, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauges could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne so like a Souldiour, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pittie of him.

Ces. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our selues it's Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, Pompey
Thriues in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To morrow *Caesar*,
I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Ces. Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.

Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

Caesar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora*.

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing, I take no pleasure

In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
That being vnseducin'd, thy freer thoughts

May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing

But what in deede is honest to be done:

Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke

What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*:

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?

Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mou'st,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,
(For so he calls me:) Now I feede my selfe
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
That am with *Phoebeus* amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Caesar*,
When thou wast heere about the ground, I was
A morsell for a Monarke: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aspects, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Caesar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthony*?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Quene)

He kist the last of many doubled kisses

This Orient Pearle. His speech sticke in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends

This treasure of an Oyfter: at whose foote

To mend the petty present, I will peece

Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,

(Say thou) shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,

And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,

Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,

Was beastly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' yeare, between extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,

Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.

He was not sad, for he would shine on those

That make their looks by his. He was not merrie,

Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

In Egypt with his ioy, but betwene both.

Oh heavenly mingle! Bee't thou sad, or merrie,

The violence of either thee becomes,

So do's it no mans else. Mer'st thou my Poits?

Alex. I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.

Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send

to *Anthony*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Char-*

mian. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e-

uer loue *Caesar* so?

Char. Oh that braue *Caesar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,

Say the braue *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Caesar*.

Cleo. By *Ish*, I will giue thee bloody teeth,

If thou with *Caesar* Parago nagaine:

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Salld dayes,

When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,

To say, as I saide then. But come away,

Get me Inke and Paper.

he shall haue euery day a seuerall greeting, or lie vnpeo-
ple Egypt. *Exeunt*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in
warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist
The deeds of iustest men.

Mene. Know worthy Pompey, that what they do de-
lay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decayes
the thing we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres

Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit
By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Crescent, and my Auguring hope

Sayes it will come to'th' full. *Marke Anthony*

In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No warres without doores. *Caesar* gets money where

He looses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,

Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,

Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Caesar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,

Amighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Siluius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together

Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,

Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,

Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,

Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,

Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,

Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,

That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,

Euen till a Lethid dulnesse

Enter Varrinus.

How now *Varrinus*?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:

Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome

Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis

A space for farther Trauaile.

Pom. I could haue giuen lesse matter

A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke

This amorous Surfetter would haue don'd his Helme

For such a petty Warre: His Souldierish

Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare

The higher our Opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke

The neere Lust-wearied *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,

Caesar and *Anthony* shall well greet together;

His Wife that's dead, did treaspasse to *Caesar*,

His Brother wand' vpon him, although I thinke

Not moud by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*,

How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,

Were't not that we stand vp against them all:

'Twer pregnant they should square between themselues,

For they haue entertained cause enough

To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs

May Cement their diuisions, and binde vp

The petty difference, we yet not know:

Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands

Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands

Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him

To answer like himselfe: if *Caesar* moue him,

Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Caesar*'s head,

And speake as lowd as *Mars*. By *Iupiter*,

Were I the wearer of *Anthony*'s Beard,

I would not shauet to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.

Eno. Euery time serues for the matter that is then

borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must giue way.

Eno. Nor if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre

No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Caesar*.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well heere, to Parthia:

Heere *Ventidius*.

Caesar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends:

That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not

A leaner action rend vs. What's amisse,

May it be gently heard. When we debate

Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit

Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,

The rather for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes,

Nor curtnesse grow to'th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Armies, and to fight,

I should do thus. *Flourish.*

Ces. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Ces. Sit.

Ant. Sit sir.

Ces. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:

Or being, concerne you not.

Ces. I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say my selfe offended, and with you

Chiefely i'th' world. More laught at, that I should

Once name you derogarely: when to sound your name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Caesar*, what was't to you?

Ces. No more then my reciding heere at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there

Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt

Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Ces. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,

By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother

Made warres vpon me, and their contestation

Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer

Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it,

And haue my Learning from some true reports

That drew their swords with you, did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the warres alike against my stomacke,

Haing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters

Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,

As matter whole you haue to make it with,